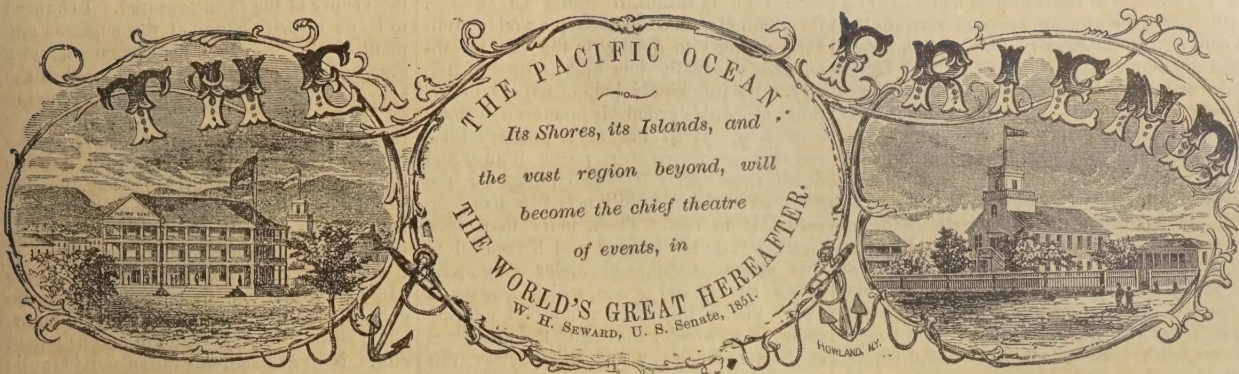




New Series, No. 7, Vol. 29.}

HONOLULU, JULY 1, 1880.

{Old Series, Vol. 37.

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THE FRIEND.

JULY 1, 1880.

☐ The Annual Meeting of the Hawaiian Evangelical Association was held the first week in June. The attendance at all the meetings was very large. The most important change to be noticed is the resignation of Rev. A. Bingham as Secretary of the Hawaiian Board, on account of continued feebleness of body and voice. Mr. Bingham however, continues to reside in Honolulu, in the service of the A. B. C. F. M., devoting himself to the preparation of books in the Gilbert Islands language. Rev. A. O. Forbes of Hilo, the new Secretary, is expected to enter on the duties of the office about the first of August. Miss. E. K. Bingham has also resigned the charge of Kawai-ahao Female Seminary. The Trustees are anxiously seeking some one suitable to fill the vacancy.

☐ The Trustees of Punahou School have sold to C. Spreckles, Esq., for \$5000, eight lots of land, each 200 by 200 feet, making the finest building lot in that vicinity. Mr. Spreckles intends to build immediately a fine residence. Now that the government has so few eligible lots to sell, no desirable location for a home can now be found. The few other building lots the trustees have to sell ought to command a ready sale, and to bring into the treasury of the school, a good part of the funds now needed to give this institution the means desired to increase its facilities for affording a first class education to the rising generation of Hawaii nei.

☐ The *Morning Star* sailed on the 21st. A larger crowd than ever before gathered on the vessel and the wharf to witness the farewell services at the departure of the Missionaries, who go to the Gilbert Islands to give new impulse to the work there. Messrs. Taylor and Walkup with their wives all expected to open a Training School on Apaiang; and the Hawaiians who went out, Rev. S. Kahea Maunaloa and wife, are to be located with them as assistants in the school. The vessel was heavily laden with the usual supplies for the missionaries, and lumber for new dwelling houses. The missionary packet is provisioned this year for a ten month's voyage. Rev. J. F. Whitney and family are expected to return in the *Star* for a visit home after ten years' labor on the Marshall Islands.

☐ We are glad to welcome back to the islands for a brief visit, Gen. S. C. Armstrong, son of the honored missionary who had charge for so many years of his life, of the department of public education in this Kingdom. Twenty years of absence have witnessed many changes, alike in Hawaii nei and in the United States. But the grey hairs that have begun to show themselves are now old veteran's war-worn locks. The same boyish ardour, the same restless energy that characterized the youthful editor of a score of years ago, are characteristics now of the honored educator, who has shown the people of the Southern States the value and the methods of common school education, managed in common sense and on Christian principles.

☐ Under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., a petition is being circulated among the plantation owners and managers, urging the King to continue in force the present policy of prohibiting laws against liquor and opium. If the natives are allowed to drink, that will be the end of the good order and security for life and property now enjoyed. Property will depreciate in value at once. The advantages, accruing from the reciprocity treaty will all be forfeited. The legislature, the ministry and the King may well pause, and refuse to take a step in the direction of such direful injury to the pecuniary interests and moral well-being of the community.

RAMBLES IN THE OLD WORLD—No. 42

IN THE LANDS OF THE ROSE AND THE THISTLE.
No. 2.

Rarely have I known a day more fair, more full of a tender, sunlit beauty than that which brought us from England to Scotland. We left Liverpool in the morning and long before the twilight had gathered about "Arthur's Seat," we were in Edinburgh. I could have wished it might have been possible to linger amid the classic region of the "Lake District," at whose hills and mountains we were permitted to gaze from a distance. Even in passing, it was a pleasure to feel that Windermere, the "Queen of all the Cumberland Lakes," lay peacefully sleeping in the hush of the noon-tide and the beauty of the opening spring, very near at hand. I could fancy that the spirit of the singers, who loved this region so well, rested in a way of blessing on the scenes which filled them with such high and great thoughts, and which they have painted so vigorously, so tenderly, so truly for all the world. Wide fields growing softly green under the verdant touch of the spring, sweep away to low foot-hills, rising toward heights beyond whose curving lines, softened still more by the tremulous haze of the warm mid-day, struck me as peculiarly lovely and graceful. It is scarcely to be wondered that Wordsworth and Coleridge and Southey loved these peaceful yet inspiring scenes. As we crossed the Scottish border the whole aspect of the country seemed to change as by magic. The tilled English fields, bordered by hedges, gave way to grassy hill-sides, unbroken by dividing lines. Trees and shrubbery yielded to clustering growths of furze and heather. The blue sky grew of sudden grey, and veils of mist drifted down to us, and great rain drops blew with the wind through the openings in the hills. There was a freshness, a breezy healthfulness in the very air, which spoke to us from the first, of the Highlands.

But before we reached Edinburgh the clouds parted and the evening sun came out in its glory, lighting the city with rarest beauty.

AT THE FOOT OF THE PENTLANDS!

My memories of my, all too brief, Scottish visit will always be rendered doubly pleasant

by the thought of the beautiful home from on which, as a centre, we radiated, now to the town, now to the country, for some ten "rich and abundant" days. The Castle of Dreg-horn stands on the curving slopes of the Pentlands, an hour or so from Edinburgh. It is a fine spacious edifice, partly covered with ivy, with tower and turrets and arches, strong and stately, and gray without and bright with all cheer and home-beauty within. It has seen the Pentlands changing from brown to green for something like *two hundred* Springs! Glorious stretches of woodland lead you off on either side, while down to the murmuring stream in the hollow below sweep away the queenest of meadows, with here and there stately drooping trees, and varied with wandering white-wooled sheep and capering lambs. Passing down the long drive you come to the ancient "Loudge," with its stone turrets half smothered in a wealth of the richest ivy. Still farther on are the cottages of the tenantry and the village of Collington down in the valley, or clinging amid the trees to the hill-side. And what a magnificent reach of country spreads itself out before you on every side. There in the foreground, like some mighty gulf of tenderest green, lighted by bursts of splendid April sunshine, and deepened by the shadows of drifting clouds, lies a superb forest ridged, village dotted plain. Then beyond this, where the sun comes out and the clouds part at its coming, may be seen still, motionless in its verdant setting, like a silver mirror the Firth of Forth in the distance. Beyond this forming our farthest horizon, rise higher peaks in early mornings, sometimes white with newly fallen snow. But fairest of all in this fair and goodly landscape, at your left the unrivalled beauty of the Scottish capital, watched over by its guardian hills meet you. You should see it from this point, now lost in the shadows or showing faintly through passing veils of mist, now rising triumphantly out of the cloudy depths a glorified golden city, its towers gleaming in the radiance of the high noon, glittering and luminous.

Beautiful as was this outer world, we learned to look with delight to the home-coming, after days of pilgrim-tours and of historic wanderings, and to the welcome awaiting us within the Castle. Blessings on this Christian Scottish home, and their kind and generous hearts whose warmth and sympathy and gentle courtesy made us, strangers at our coming, feel like kinsfolk when we parted.

IN AND ABOUT EDINBURGH.

I am in no way faithless to memories of other scenes which have charmed me, nor am I less in love with certain places which have in other days given me much delight, when I say that Edinburgh is, without a word of question, the most beautiful city I have as yet seen in Northern Europe. Those of the South I have still to see. I would not even except Geneva, with its beautiful lake and noble mountain views, nor Stockholm so proudly cresting the deep blue waters of Mälär. From the first cloudless sunset of our arrival till the day of our leaving under the blue sky of early April, I felt the presence of this perfect, queenly city as a perpetual joy and inspiration. Were it other-

wise than beautiful, it would be strange. Its situation is most picturesque and abundantly adapted to display to the best advantage the unusually fine architecture of the city. By this kindly help of nature, everything of man's devising is enhanced a thousand fold. Even the most prosaic edifice receives something of a poetic beauty and finish from either its surroundings or the point on which a kindly necessity has compelled it to rest. Then, more than this, Scottish taste has budded and blossomed in this austere north, and under gray skies, into a beauty and grace, which awakes in every visitor the most astonished admiration. You wonder that amid the influences of Scotch Theology and Metaphysics, this fair city, with its numerous statues and inspiring monuments and its stately edifices, suggesting the perfect temple of classic and heathen Greece, could have been planted on these Scottish hills. Edinburgh is the most graceful and winning paradox I know of. The city is divided into the old and the new town. Between these lies a rocky ravine, which has been transformed into most beautiful gardens, open to the people. On one side rises a huge rocky crag, which is surmounted by the immense Castle of Edinburgh. From this you pass down into the long, narrow streets of the old town, with their towering, many stoned houses. Facing the Castle and across the valley lies the principal street and promenade of the city, and one of the finest things to see in all Europe, Prince's Street. Edinburgh fairly teems with historic associations, and the stones of the pavement seem to have voices. Here, you re-read half of Scottish history; here, kings and queens have lived, and here a portion of the romantic and melancholy drama of Queen Mary's life was enacted. Holyrood Palace abounds in interest for every visitor. I wish we might linger longer here. The tapestries, the hangings, the furniture are still standing in the palace rooms as in the days of the unhappy queen. You are shown the little supper room where Mary was sitting with Rizzio, when Darnley and the other assassins stole up the dark and winding stair-way at the side, lifted the now faded arras, and rushed upon them. After these long, long years there seems still something uncanny in the blood-stains in the hall beyond. In the quaint old High street still stands the house of John Knox, the Reformer. You can fancy him walking down the long street to the Palace, where Mary gave him, far from loving welcome. In one of the market places is a carved cross in the pavement, which marks the spot where thousands and thousands of the reformers were burned and executed for their unwavering faith. And I could go on thus, page after page, naming historic points in the city, did my time but permit. Edinburgh is famed the world over for its great men, who have been eminent in philosophy or theology, or science or poetry. To-day its citizens are known for their refinement and intellectual and religious culture. Its benevolent and charitable institutions are numerous, and rank with the first in the world. I recall with especial delight one afternoon and evening I spent in Edinburgh. It was the finest day of the year, when the long struggle of the winter for life seemed over, and

the victory of the spring assured. I chanced to be on Prince's Street at the supreme moment of this raw day, just when the city grew glorious and almost transfigured in the splendor of the setting sun, and the coming on of evening. The whole length of this superb promenade stretched off like some triumphal way. At one end rose into the luminous sunlit evening sky, heights surmounted by lofty monumental columns. One side was closely filled with more prosaic and modern buildings, but on the other lay, I thought, one of the fairest views my eyes had ever rested on. It may have been the exquisite beauty of the hour, I scarcely know, but it seemed like the vision of an enchanted city. Near at hand, was the splendid Gothic monument to Scott, and to right and left of this, other statues, recalling distinguished names. A little further removed a line of buildings with massive pillars and classic figures. At my feet the gardens of the city grew dim with the gathering purple shadows of the evening. Across the valley the old town and the Castle, glowed in the full sunlight, radiant in the slant beams, then grew softly, wonderously beautiful in the after glow, all sharp lines fading tremulously away, while the time-stained gray of towers and battlements lost itself in the background of the sky.

The pleasure of our visit to Edinburgh was largely enhanced by the renewal of our acquaintance with Miss Isabella Bird, whose name is remembered so pleasantly in very many of our Island homes, and whose charming and graphic descriptions of Hawaiian life and scenery, are so widely known and appreciated, and no where more so than with us. Miss Bird's home is in the Scottish capital, and our memories of the days spent there will always be the brighter for the thought of her kindly courtesy and hospitality. Her very many Island friends and admirers will, I am sure, hear her name again with sincerest pleasure. Since her visit among us, she has visited the Rocky Mountains, and her eloquently poetic letters from that upper world of primeval forests and glittering snow-clad peaks, have been received with the greatest favor. Last year she returned from a visit to Japan, and I feel convinced that her book on that country, which is to appear in the autumn, will be even more popular than any of hers which have preceded it. Miss Bird's name is here well-known, and she takes a prominent place among the writers of travel.

Through Miss Bird's kindly introduction we came to know some of the choice people of Edinburgh, this city of delightful society. Our evening visit was especially pleasant, and I mention it here because I am sure the name of Dr. John Brown, the author of that most pathetic and beautiful of poems in prose, "Rab and his Friends," is dear to many in the Pacific. Dr. Brown is well-known as an author and essayist. His style is attractive, his language forcible and eloquent, and at times delightfully quaint and picturesque. Some of his shorter sketches are known the world over, and "Rab and his Friends," may be said to be one of the most exquisite and touching things in the English language. Its author is now on in years, lives quietly in his pleasant home, loved by all his fellow citizens,

and by many, I am sure, whom he does not know. We saw him for a little time in the early evening, and enjoyed extremely his kindly and friendly words. I shall take away with me into life, two pleasant memories of the visit. One, the picture of the doctor sitting before the cheery, glowing fire, with his kindly, benignant face, filled with a gentle thoughtfulness and crowned by soft white, silvered hair. The other, the touch of his manly hand (which has written nothing that is not sweet and pure and noble) on my shoulder in parting, I feel still as a blessing.

After other calls, as we were going home later under the light of a great silver moon, which shone in its glorious fullness in a cloudless sky, thinking of all the goodness and greatness the city held, I felt it far from easy to say "good-bye" to Edinburgh.

A "CAPPING" CEREMONY.

The morning after our arrival in Edinburgh we had the pleasure of attending a very interesting ceremony of the University, the conferring of degrees. Armed with our tickets of admission we valiantly fought our way with the eager and waiting crowd to our seats in the Assembly Hall, where the ceremony took place. This hall is used for the meeting of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, and its beautiful spire is one of the ornaments of the city of Edinburgh. The University holds a most honorable place among European Universities, and its College of Surgeons has a world-wide fame. Among the present Professors, perhaps, no name is more widely known than that of Professor Blackie, of whom I may speak further on. The ceremony of "capping" as it is styled is simple and picturesque. The scene which the house presented when filled was most interesting, not to say impressive. The sides and galleries were filled with a throng of ladies and gentlemen, very eagerly attentive, most of them probably personal friends of the students, for whom this day was so full of meaning. The Chancellor of the University and the Professors of the different Faculties occupied the seats at the head of the house. Near them were the gentlemen from other Universities, on whom the highest honors of that of Edinburgh were to be conferred. A fine company they were. Many with grand heads and ample foreheads, crowned with silvery hair. The students had their places in the body of the house. Nothing in all the world, I think, is more touching, more inspiring than a company of students on their graduation day, so full of hope, of ambition, of untried courage. They stand on the bridge between boyhood and manhood, with the mingled beauty of both in their glance, with ideals lustrous and golden before them, and a cloudless sky above them. One heard as it were the throb of all those glad young hearts and felt the sweet, fresh spirit of their breezy young manhood. I would scarcely call them handsome fellows, but they had a true, open manly look that was peculiarly attractive. There is a strong, earnest, thoughtful and undaunted look in Scotch eyes, which I like immensely. The Scotch face, unless its lines are softened by some inner spirit of peace and tenderness, grows often hard with the years, somewhat

grim and severe. But the young men's faces are so full of abounding strength, so promise full of boundless persistent effort on the part of their owners, that they impress you rather as those of men who have won the battle than as those of untried soldiers. They were certainly a fine lot of men waiting for the "capping." They wore their student mantles of black, with hoods lined with white. There were those just ready to take the first leap out into the sea beyond. Those further on in honors had other colors, some green, some purple, with here and there a border of fur. All the excises were in English, not a word of classic Latin. I rather liked this on the whole. Though now and then the ceremony seemed a little bare and awkward without this traditional and scholastic coloring. A number of gentlemen who had in literary, or scientific, or ecclesiastic walks, especially distinguished themselves, received first the honorary titles, which it is in the power of the University to bestow. Their virtues and attainments were announced in sonorous voice, and elegantly sounded periods by some of the professors, and each received on his bent head the touch of the academic "cap" from the hand of the Chancellor. Then the students, aspirants for the degrees of M. A. and B. A. passed rapidly through the same ceremony. This was followed by the principal event of the morning, the address of Professor Blackie to the graduating classes. This was so unique, so filled with the fresh, racy, original poetic and somewhat audacious spirit of the Professor, that I wish I could send you the whole of it, with its ringing words. It was full of wise, healthy admonitions to those starting in life, and the beauty of it was the striking and delightful way in which he put many old truths.

SOME CLASSIC NOOKS OF SCOTLAND.

The very air of Scotland is full of poetry, and the land is sown with it. Every breeze that sweeps down from its uplands and rustles in the buds and blossoms of the dawning spring, is laden with a thousand messages from the past. Every lonely mountain *tarn* and babbling *burn* has its story to tell. The golden-crowned furze springs from the soil of battle fields, dyed red with the blood of heroes. Shadowy Highland glens are still grandly musical with the psalms of the covenanters. You seem to hear the dashing ringing notes of Border songs, and the swift rush of the horses and the war calls of the troopers. While above all, above the war of the battle, the revelers of court and camp, the sounds of joy and sorrow, the anthems of ocean waves on rocky coasts, the songs of the birds in spring, rises the triumphant "Hallelujah" of the martyrs of Scotland, worthy members of that "grand army," whose blood-stained roll call is the glorious heritage of Christendom!

Amid such a throng of historic and poetic scenes it was far from easy to decide where to go, following our own inclinations. But the brief limit of our time forced us to confine ourselves to one or two excursions in the comparatively near neighborhood of Edinburgh. Had it been possible, how gladly we would have visited the "Blessed Isle" of Iona, with its memories of early Christianity, not far away from the grand

natural beauties of Staffa, or have journeyed to the many points whose place in history and poetry the great genius of Scott has fixed forever. Or,—but it were kinder and wiser to tell you of one or two of the places where we really did go—in the "body and not in lingering fancy. One gray day, with the wind and the rain against us, but a grand pair of horses before us, we drove to Roslin, interesting for its ruined castle and chapel. The latter is a perfect Gothic garden of luxuriant, and yet exquisite bloom, a glorious maze of clustering, intricate carvings and traceries. The castle is in a sadly ruined state, too decrepit perhaps to be called any longer in itself beautiful, but eloquent still in its reminders of other ages. You are shown a damp, dreary arched vault where, our old guide told us, Queen Mary hid for some weeks when she was flying before Elizabeth. What a gloomy place for a haven of refuge! Without it was charming, notwithstanding the April drops which filled the gray noon-tide, now and then with their uncalled for presence. Below was a tumbling stream, beneath which our tottering, and shadowy guide (he might have dated from Queen Mary's days) told us a secret passage ran far away from the castle to some opening beyond. The opposite bank, some one said, would be as blue as the summer sky a little later on, when the blue bells came. Further down the stream, reached by a lovely, romantic way under the arching trees, lies Hawthornden, once the home of the poet Drummond.

To have left Scotland without a peep at Melrose, would have been to do a thing for which I am sure you would never have forgiven me. A visit there would have been enough to have lifted any day quite into the number of those which we note as worthy of special remembrance. But thanks to the great kindness and rare guiding skill of our very kind friend and host, we were enabled to see much more. I shall long remember this April day with pleasure; with now a swift ride by train through historic Scottish landscapes, or more leisurely carriage drives over country roads, bordered by verdant hedges. The very spirit of peace and contentment seemed to rise like a continual hymn from the quiet meadow lands and grass grown hill sides. We had much pleasure in visiting Abbotsford, which the memory of Sir Walter Scott renders so strikingly interesting. Here he lived and wrote for many years, and here weary and worn and yet victorious, he died. The house is filled with reminders of the great poet and novelist. His books stand as he left them, and seemed lonely and sad, now that the hand and eye of their former owner are still and closed. The beautiful gleaming Tweed flows swiftly on at the foot of the lawn. They placed Sir Walter near the window that he might, as his life went out, watch its onward flow. Abbotsford is painfully interesting; painfully, for you feel the emptiness, the vanity of all this now dusty material wealth for which the great poet, with a pathetic weakness, sacrificed so much and labored as under the lash. But he left his name "unstained!"

Melrose, we did not see by moonlight, (the orthodox way) but under a gray sky, warmed by a sun which we felt was there

but could not see, and yet found the Abbey in its ruins very, very beautiful. Scott loved Melrose, and has made it famous. Here is buried the famous wizard or magician, Sir Michael Scott, of whom the poet speaks in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." Here too tradition says, lies buried the heart of Robert Bruce. There is ruin here, but glory—and beauty in it, which is rarely found in symmetrical completeness. Arches, buttresses, pillars are pronounced unfit for use, and left for purposes of Inspiration. Shall we call the latter service of the Abbey less exalted than that of earlier days? I want always in discouraged moments, which come more or less to us all, perhaps, to bear in mind the memory of those two arches at the side, rising above ruin, defeat, neglect, trustfully clinging to a central and common wall of support, which lifts itself triumphantly far up towards the bending heaven, and there unfurls its banner of hope, festoons of greenest ivy.

Dryburgh Abbey lies not far away from Melrose. From the hills above it you may look towards the "Land of the Border" on the horizon, and involuntarily in looking you find yourself humming, I am sure, some ballad or other, which long ago was born there. Dryburgh was founded during the reign of David I, and has its own place in history, of which we will not speak here. To-day its chief interest, and that a very great and tender one, lies in the fact that Scott is buried here; that a great hearted friend of yours and mine and all the world, has found his last resting place beneath those arches and amid these peaceful scenes. It is a most beautiful and appropriate spot for one to lie whose life was a song, which seems to find a whispered echo even here in death. Here amid the reminders of a historic past, watched over by the sacred memories of this holy place, he lies till the morning dawn. The Tweed is near at hand, broadening here to a noble river, whose blue depths mirror sheltering banks of rare beauty. There is a hush over the crumbling walls, over the glorious vestiges of a dim past, over the encircling fields and groves. The matins and vespers here are the songs of thousands of birds—the incense, is the breath of opening flowers and the opening year, through the sculptured window of the choir, streams by day the undimmed beauty of God's sunshine, and here at night the silver stars gleam as tapers. For us all, for honored dead and reverent pilgrims, there seems a blessing in the place and hour!

F. WILLIAMS DAMON.

London, May 17th, 1880.

FOR THE ARCTIC.—In accordance with orders received from Washington, the Revenue Steam Cutter *Thos. Corwin* was to leave San Francisco for the Arctic on the 22d of May, mainly for the purpose of the enforcement of the provisions of the law and protection of the interests of the U. S. Government on the Seal Islands. The vessel was to proceed from San Francisco direct to Unalakleet, at which place a fresh supply of coal will be taken in. She will then proceed to Norton Sound, touching at the Seal Islands. If practicable an officer and two men will be left on Otter Island to protect the seals there. The Commander is instructed to use every endeavor to apprehend the presence of vessels in Kotzebue Sound, in the Arctic Ocean, allowed to be engaged in the illicit traffic of rum and firearms with the natives of Alaska, and if found, to break up their illegal trade. He is also to make diligent search for the whaling barks Mount Wollaston and Vigilant, reported to have

been caught in the ice within the Arctic Ocean last autumn while endeavoring to return through Behring Straits from their season's whaling, and if found to render all assistance possible. Authority is given to transport contributions of provisions, etc., which may be tendered for the relief of these whalers. The instructions further direct that careful inquiries be made regarding the progress and whereabouts of the steamer *Jeannette*, engaged in making explorations, under command of Lieutenant Commander J. De Long, U. S. N., and if practicable to communicate with and extend any needed assistance to the vessel, if opportunity offers, an investigation will be made of the rumor regarding the wholesale starvation of the inhabitants of St. Lawrence Island, in Behring Straits. While cruising in the Arctic Sea the commander is required to make careful observations as to currents, tides, etc., and keep an accurate record of such soundings, surveys, etc., as he may be able to make, and to obtain such information as may be practicable regarding the numbers, characters and occupations and general condition of the inhabitants of the adjacent coasts.—P. C. A., June 12.

RESIGNATION OF A SCHOOL PRINCIPAL.—Miss E. K. Bingham, for eleven years connected with Kawaiahae Female Seminary and its Principal for the last seven years, has been obliged, because of her precarious health, to resign the charge of the school. The Trustees will endeavor to secure a new Principal as soon as possible. They have postponed the opening of the new term till July 15.—P. C. A., June 26.

NAVAL.—On Monday last arrived His Imperial German Majesty's Corvette, the *Fregate*, after a passage of 45 days from Panama. She will make a stay here of from eight to ten days, and will then sail for Hongkong. The usual salutes were exchanged between the ship and the shore on the day of her arrival, and yesterday His Majesty and suite paid a visit to this fine specimen of naval architecture, and was received with Royal honors. She has a crew of 220 men, and carries 8 15-centimetre guns. She is of 2,000 tons burthen, with flush deck. The following is a correct list of her officers: Commander and Corvette Captain—von Hippel. Captain-Lieutenants—von Lepel-Gneitz, Schloepke. Lieutenants—Fichtenhofer, Wallis da Fonseca-Wollheim. Sub-Lieutenant—Hobeln, Rollmann, Meyer. Staff Surgeon—Dr. Leonhardt. Paymaster—Miller.—P. C. A., June 26.

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THE YACHT CASCO.—This beautiful specimen of naval architecture arrived in port on Saturday May 29 from San Francisco via Hilo. She left San Francisco on May 8th, arrived at Hilo on the 23rd, left on the 28th, and anchored in Honolulu Harbor on the 29th, having made the run in about 26 hours. She is commanded by Captain Colcord, and owned by Dr. Samuel Merritt, who is now on board, accompanied as guests, by Mrs. Dr. Garcelon, Miss McClellan, the Misses Dyer, Miss Nellie Knowles, Messrs. J. W. Taber, and T. T. Dargie. Dr. Merritt was formerly Mayor of Oakland, Cal. He was the builder of the Grand Central Hotel, recently destroyed by fire, in that city, and has planned some of the finest residences at present there, and is regarded as a public benefactor. He built the *Casco* two years ago, at a cost of \$40,000. She is 72 37-100 tons burthen, 94 feet over-all, 23 1/2 feet beam, 10 feet depth of hold and is named after Casco Bay, in the State of Maine. The Doctor feels justly proud of his yacht and her abilities, and points with pride to the log statement that on one occasion, "from 7 a. m. till 5 p. m. no one at the wheel, *Casco* going at the rate of 7, 8 and 9 knots, steering herself." She is the pioneer yacht to sail from the Pacific Coast on a cruise to foreign ports. She left on the 15th ult. for Tahiti.—P. C. A.

MARINE JOURNAL.

PORT OF HONOLULU, S. I.

ARRIVALS.

June 7—Am schr American Girl, Backus, 12 days and 19 hours from San Francisco
7—Brit bk Lady Lampton, Marston, 12 days from S F
7—P M S S City of Sydney, Dearborn, from Sydney
8—Am schr Claus Spreckels, Von Schmidt, from San Francisco via Kahuili
9—Jaluit bgtn Nicolas, Jephson, 36 days fm Jaluit
10—Am bk D C Murray, Downes, 13 days and 15 hours from San Francisco
June 12—Am bktn Emma Augusta, from Utaalaady.
June 14—P M S S Zealandia, Chevalier, from San Francisco
19—Am sch Rosario, Douglass, from San Francisco, via Kahuili.
June 19—Am sch Martha W Tuft, Johnson, 14 days from San Francisco
20—Haw sch Jennie Walker, Redfield, 14 days from Port Townsend
21—H I G M S Freya, von Hippel, 45 days fm Panama

DEPARTURES.

June 6—Am schr Bonanza, Miller, for San Francisco
6—H B M S Rocket, Orlebar, for Victoria, B O
8—P M S S City of Sydney, Dearborn, for San Fran
9—Am teru A P Jordan, Crask, for Humboldt
14—Am bk H W Almy, Freeman, for San Francisco
June 14—P M S S Zealandia, Chevalier, for Sydney
15—Am bktn Eureka, Nordberg, for San Francisco
15—Am sch Casco, Colcord, for Tahiti
17—Am sch Alice, Arey, for Port Townsend
17—Am bktn Grace Roberts, Olsen, for Port Townsend
18—Am bk Ceylon, Hayden, for Hongkong
June 19—Am sch Claus Spreckels, Von Schmidt, for S Fran
20—Am bktn Emma Augusta, Ravens, for Port Townsend
21—Haw bgtn Storm Bird, Tearney, for Jaluit
21—Haw bk Hawaii, Whitney, for Jaluit
21—Haw sch Kaluna, Cook, for Ochotsk
21—Haw sch Malolo, Goodman, for San Francisco
21—Am bgtn Hazard, Miller, for South Sea Islands
21—Am miss bgtn Morning Star, Bray, for Micronesia
21—Ralates sch Vivid, Cawley, for Faunings Island
22—Am sch American Girl, Backus, for San Francisco

MEMORANDA.

Report of S S City of Sydney, Dearborn, Commander—Left Sydney May 20th, at 3.45 pm. Experienced light west winds and fair weather during the passage to Auckland, arriving May 26th at 11.20 am. Sailed from Auckland May 26th at 2.17 am, and arrived at Honolulu June 7th at 6.05 pm. Had strong NE and East trades from Tutuila with heavy squalls of wind and rain to this port. San Francisco—Arrived May 11—Amstn Gussie Telfair Butler, hence April 28; 17—Am bk J W Weaver, Melander, 24 days from Hilo; 18—P M S S Zealandia, Chevalier, hence May 10; 20—Haw bk Kalakaua, Jenks, hence April 25; 20—Am sch Martha W Tuft, Johnson, hence April 26; 21—Am bk Alice, Sandberg, hence May 4; 21—Am bktn Ella Brown, hence May 3; 22—Haw bk Mattie Macleay, Boig, hence May 2.
Port Townsend—Arrived May 23—Am bk Jenny Pitts, Stevert, hence April 28; 24—Am bk Lizzie Marshall, Dahler, hence May 8; 25—Am ship Gen Butler, Ryder, hence April 30.
San Francisco—Arrived—June 2—Am bktn Catherine Suddens, Bates, hence May 12
San Francisco—June 5—Am bk Forest Queen, Windig, hence May 21
Report of P M S S Zealandia, from San Francisco, H Chevalier commander. June 7th at 12 m left wharf at

San Francisco. Discharged pilot at 1:50 p m, and received Honolulu pilot on board at 10:15 am 14th. Weather foggy during 6th and 7th, afterwards fine with moderate N E winds.

Report of schooner Jennie Walker: Redfield.—Left Port Townsend June 6th. First three days out strong gale from the westward with heavy head sea, afterwards to 30° N, light northerly winds and fine weather. To port strong breeze and fine weather; arrived off Diamond Head June 20, P. M. From Cape Flattery to Honolulu 12 days and 9 hours, and from Port Townsend 14 days.

PASSENGERS.

From San Francisco, per Lady Lampson, June 8—L Smith and daughter, E Cleinen, Emil Otto, Misses Otto, Adolph Harbord, A D Bolster, C T Hagb, M H Pond, C Battles, Daniel Casino, James Lambert, Louis Kohn, and 21 laborers for Hawaiian Agricultural Society.

From San Francisco, per American Girl, June 8—M Canovan, Johannes Rumers, O Faye, H P Faye, A Meyers and wife, Chas Gallagher, Capt Blake.

From Sydney, per City of Sydney, June 8—M T Wahoo, James Taylor, Miss Taylor, Miss Redeker, Frank Green, S J Zand and wife, J J Lande. 77 cabin and 57 steerage in transit.

From Jaluit, per Nicolaus, June 10—Mr Moore and wife, 5 South Sea Islanders.

For San Francisco, per City of Sydney, June 9—Mlle Guyot, Miss Belle Fuller, W T Kirkpatrick, S C Bowley, T Lamson, J Flaven, Mrs Riehnardt and nurse, Mrs Von Pfister, A T Williams, D Crowningburg, Mrs Thompson and son, Z Franke, H Schuler, Chung Lung, J M Morton, J M Thompson, J E Brown, A H Spencer and wife, Mrs M Rice, Miss D Isenberg, G T Lyon, A H Barney, W P Toler, wife and son, Jas Henry, J H Frendenthal, W P Nock, W Leoy, Eackerville, H Nutter, R M Douglas, Ab Chung, O O Williams, Geo Jones, R Leoy, P Egan, H B Wentworth, Mrs Robb and daughter, C Gertz, Jr, A Herbert.

From San Francisco, per D C Murray, June 10—H A Scott, wife and son, Capt Flemming, W Bower, Mrs C H Langford and son, Miss C S Kirkland, Mr and Mrs S B Stoddard, P Caldwell, J Forde, J Volerton, C Buckley, S Cassimer, W Abbtorg, R Smith, F Bower, O Hegard, and 7 Chinese.

From San Francisco, per Zealandia, June 14—Mrs McCoppin, Miss McCoppin and servant, F M Hatch, M S Grinbaum and wife, Rev J Hemphill and wife, Rev R C Walkup and wife, R W Janton wife 2 children and nurse, J O Carter, Miss Carter, A Arundel, B Heymansson, Madam Ponti 2 children and servant, Miss L Vanness, S L Austin, H A P Carter, Master Geo Carter, Miss Belle Carter and servant, W L Hopper, Miss Montague and maid, S C Armstrong, Mrs M L Smith, S Magnin, Mrs Boyson and 2 children, W W Bush and wife, John Brodie, J W Colville, John G Farron, H J Hart, John A Younie, W Brandles, Geo F Wells, C Gertz, Miss Hughes, Miss A Warwick, J Hoeck, T Trouslar, Silas Chamberlain, E T Ashworth, T Cameron, Mrs Granniss and child, Jno Fitzpatrick, Mrs N F Burgess and son, Geo Lowery, P Morgan, C M Cooke, A D Pierce, T Murray, Jas Shaw, Chas Zoph, and 17 Chinese, 42 passengers in transit.

For Sydney, per Zealandia, June 14—C Gihon.

For San Francisco, per H W Almy, June 14—H C Kirk, W A Dewey, H C Bradley, Lizzie Ingles, J A Cooke, J M Crowell, Mrs Oederkirk and child.

For San Francisco, per Eureka, June 14—Mr Lacey, Mr and Mrs Marchansen, S Foster, R McDonald, Thomas Williams.

For Hong Kong, per Ceylon, June 17—14 Chinese.

For Port Townsend, per Grace Roberts, June 17—Cyrus Anderson.

For San Francisco, per American Girl, June 22—C Goodall and wife, A Meydenbum, N Canovan, W Ludwigson.

For Micronesia, per Morning Star, June 21—Rev H J Taylor, wife and 2 children, Rev A C Walkup, Rev S Kaher and wife, Mr Moses Kauwe and wife, Fred Ellison.

From San Francisco, per Martha W Turfts, June 21—A F Blanchfork, H S Johnson.

MARRIED.

DEVERILL—FREDENBERG—In this city, on Saturday, June 12, at St. Andrew's Cathedral, by the Rev. Alexander Mackintosh, Mr. Wm. Ep. HERBERT DEVERILL, of Lihue, Kauai, to Miss SARAH BENSON, eldest daughter of the late Hiram Fredenberg, of Koloa, Kauai. London Times paper copy.

GERTZ—HUGHES—In this city, June 17th, at the Roman Catholic Cathedral, by the Rev Father Hermann, Mr. F. GERTZ, of this city, to Miss SARAH HUGHES, of San Francisco.

DIED.

HOMAN.—Capt. B. FRANK HOMAN, well-known as an energetic and a successful whaling captain, died 22 April, aged 58 years. He had followed the whaling business continuously for about forty years, having commenced in 1840, and ending last fall, when he left his ship, the *Hunter* of New Bedford in San Francisco. For 24 years he was a master. Capt. Homan was a square, honorable citizen, a member of the Methodist Church and highly respected. [Riverhead, N. Y. Weekly News.]

PICKERING—At St. Vincent Square, London, England, April 27th, 1880, MARY ELIZABETH, the beloved wife of J. F. Pickering, of Honolulu.

SNOW—In Brewer, Maine, U. S. A., Rev. B. G. Snow, one of the Micronesian Mission, in his 63rd year.

KALAU—In this city, June 17th, the Hon. ABRAHAM KALAU, member of the House of Representatives for the district of Kau, Hawaii, aged 45. Funeral at 4 o'clock this afternoon from his late residence on Queen street.

EDITOR ABROAD—No. 4.

The broad Atlantic separates us from the land where we wrote our last. On the 3rd of April we embarked from New York, on board the good steamer "City of Berlin," Inman Line, which brought us in safety, once more to the shores of Old England. On arriving in Liverpool we were welcomed by our "European Correspondent." Our passage was, in all respects, most agreeable, and we found Liverpool, the same busy, driving and commercial city, we left it in 1870. Before bidding farewell to the ship and passengers, it is becoming to note the following: We had four clergymen on board; the Rev. Mr. Hincks, Pastor of church, Portland, Me; Rev. Mr. McKinney, Port Jervis, New York; and Rev. Mr. Partridge, from Brooklyn. We were also accompanied by P. S. Gilmore, Esq., of New York, but formerly of Boston, originator of the Grand International Musical Jubilee, or Anvil Concert in 1872, which attracted so much attention. He is now in Europe selecting music for concerts in America. Of late the public attention has been called to a new National Anthem, written and composed by Mr. Gilmore, commencing thus:

"Columbia! First and fairest gem
On nature's brow a diadem," &c.

One other note-worthy passenger was on board, Prof. W. Miller, who claims to be the Champion Athlete of the world, carrying the belt which he offers to pass over to any man in Europe or America, who will take it from him in wrestling, &c. He is a quiet, gentlemanly man, an Englishman by birth, but hailing from Australia and is married to the daughter of a Baptist clergyman in one of the Southern States. They assisted at a Musical Concert given on board the steamer the proceeds of which amounting to 45 dollars, were to be given in aid of the Orphan Asylum of Liverpool.

On the Sabbath, we enjoyed religious services, in the forenoon, the Episcopal service, and in the afternoon an excellent sermon from the Rev. Mr. McKinney, who was educated at the Theological School of the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon in London. The ship's company of a large steamer is made up of a great variety of characters, and from all, something may be learned.

On arriving in Liverpool after a nine day's passage, we were cordially welcomed by some old friends, and among them A. Balfour, Esq., at the head of the house of Balfour, Williamson & Co, engaged in the Valparaiso trade, having a branch of their house in San Francisco. Mr. Balfour spends much of his time and fortune in promoting the welfare of seamen, the temperance cause, the Missionary enterprise and other philan-

thropic schemes. The "house" established the Home for Apprentice seamen, which has been in successful operation since 1870.

The great topic of discussion at present among all class of Englishmen is the unlooked for results of the late election terminating in favor of the Liberals. It is spoken of as a national revolution in the Home and Foreign Policy of England. It is a subject quite too broad for discussion in our brief and passing notes.

We are enjoying the rare privilege of spending a few delightful days in the north of Wales, at the country residence of Mr. Balfour, Mt. Allyn, near the old and charmingly situated town of Wrexham. By the way, it was in the old vicarage of Wrexham that Bishop Heber wrote the oft-sung Missionary hymn

"From Greenland's icy mountains."

We visited the church only yesterday the 16th, and also the old vicarage, taking a look at the very room in which Bishop Heber penned his hymn on Saturday prior to Whitsunday, 1819. The incident is so peculiarly note-worthy that I cannot refrain from copying the following historic notice, accompanying a fac-simile of Heber's manuscript of the hymn.

"On Whitsunday, 1819, the late Dr. Shipley, Dean of St Asaph, and Vicar of Wrexham, preached a Sermon in Wrexham Church, in aid of the Society for the propagation of the Gospel in Foreign parts. That day was also fixed upon for the commencement of the Sunday Evening Lectures, intended to be established in the Church, and the late Bishop of Calcutta (Heber) then Rector of Hodnet, the Dean's Son-in-law, undertook to deliver the first Lecture. In the course of the Saturday previous, the Dean and his Son-in-law being together at the Vicarage, the former requested Heber to write "Something for them to sing in the Morning," and he retired for that purpose from the table, where the Dean and a few friends were sitting, to a distant part of the room. In a short time the Dean enquired "What have you written?" Heber having then composed the three first verses, read them over, "There, there, that will do very well," said the Dean, "No, no, the sense is not complete," replied Heber, accordingly he added the fourth verse, and the Dean being inexorable to his repeated request of "Let me add another," "Oh let me add another," thus completed the hymn of which the annexed is a fac simile, and which has since become so celebrated;—it was sung the next morning in Wrexham Church for the first time.

Space will only allow us to add that in the cemetery surrounding the old church, repose the remains of a man who died more than 150 years ago, but whose name is famous in the annals of America; we refer to Elhu Yale, Esq., after whom Yale College derives its name. Although the day was quite rainy, we could not refrain from

copying the following inscription, the kind curate of the Parish, Rev. John Jenkins, standing by holding an umbrella over us :

"Born in America, in Europe bred,
In Africa travelled, in Asia wed;
Where long he lived and thrived; at London dead;
Much good, some ill, he did; so hopes all's even,
And that his soul thro' mercy's gone to Heaven.
You that survive and read this tale, take care,
For this most certain exit to prepare,
Where blest in peace, the actions of the just,
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

On the opposite side is the following manuscript:

"Eliugh Yale, Esq., was buried the twenty-second of July, the Year of Our Lord MDCCI."

While at the head of the monument, we read the following:

"Restored by the authorities of Yale College, 1874."

If our printer would allow, we found much upon which we could comment, as we wandered among the tomb-stone, of Wrexhams cemetery, and through the streets of the town numbering twelve thousand inhabitants.

Mount Alyn, near Wrexham, North Wales, April 17, 1880.

A Lost People.

On the northern lines of the Micronesian Archipelago lies a group of islands known by the not very pleasant name Ladrões—the islands of the thieves. These islands are some fifteen in number, extending north some 400 miles and have an area of at least 350 square miles. They are fertile and possess a pleasant climate.

One of the largest of them, Tinian, has a romantic interest thrown about it, as being the first inhabited island of the Pacific Ocean, discovered and settled. There, a century at least before any of the South Sea Islands had Christian work done upon them or before the Hawaiian Islands were known to the civilized world, teachers had landed, schools been started and a new life, through the Catholic church, offered to the people. And this is not a little honorable to Micronesia, though the least among the other island groups of the ocean, yet one of her islands was the first to be discovered and settled, and the first to have Missionary work done within her lines.

The discovery of Tinian was accidental. Magellan had pushed his way through the straits, bearing now his name; had struck at its western terminus, the great ocean; was sailing northerly over its rather smooth waters, which he calls pacific, the first to so write of them, and which term is the appellation for the whole ocean; his crew nearly famished, eating the leather from the rigging of the vessel to save life; when he sighted, 1521, March 6th, this island. The famished crew were overjoyed with the green and fruitful island near them, and the kindness of the natives; they sang a Te Deum.

The navigator however sailed away leaving the appellation Ladrões. He chose so to think of the people and name them so, because some things were stolen from his vessel. But what of himself who kidnapped a dozen of the poor fellows to work the pump of his leaking vessel!

I do not know that any figures were given by the discoverer of the population of this island. But in time other explorers reached

the group, and the population was put by some at 100,000, by others 70,000, by others again at 40,000. The Padre Sanritores, the first Missionary to the islands, says he himself baptised in one year, 50,000 natives! The early numbers are no doubt romantic, as much so as those of Capt. Cook of the population of the Hawaiian Islands. Yet these are the best data we have. But from the nature of the climate—fertility of the soil, and ease of cultivation, with the size of islands, the figures may not—even that of the highest—have been far out of the way.

Three hundred and fifty years have passed away since their discovery, and their people, then so numerous, so full of life as early records speak of them, sailing the seas with their large proas, the peculiar shape of which so struck Lord Anson, when at Tinian, he took models of them, thinking they might be worked into English ship building and fleetness added to her navy—the people have passed away—the pure blooded, the pure native of the island is gone—his home is no more—his language in its purity lost—the whole race wiped out. In 1710 it had been reduced to about 3500 and this largely half-caste and foreigners. Kotsehue, the explorer—states the startling fact that in 1817, the last pure blooded native of the race died. We may say then with these changes and these deaths the native race is a lost one.

The causes for this wreck of a whole people are not far to seek. Foreign epidemics did their work, as they have among many another people innocent of them, and ignorant of remedial cures. Famines too did their work, and the harsh treatment of I think, the first appointed governor of the group, using the sword, persecuting the people, burning their homes and destroying their food, causing many to flee to islands distant and to the south, the Carolines, did the rites, and is thought, the larger part. The chapter of his career is a dark and bloody one.

We have said Padre Sanritores was the first Missionary, with some associates, to these islands. For his zeal and violent death, he has been canonized. He, was pushing the rite of baptism. But somehow natives had began to think it worked evil, and they refused it. He nothing daunted, pressed in, till one day he entered the home of a certain native, whose child was in the house. The Padre applied the rite and was leaving when the enraged father thrust a spear through him and he died. The natives then felt themselves strong enough to blot out the whole of the white population. They were sorely pressed, their numbers thinning down, when a ship of war arrived, with troops aboard. Some were landed, a governor appointed. He took up the work of pacifying the people. He gathered his forces, made attacks here and there, went to this island and that, gaining advantages all the while over the natives, they fleeing or being massacred till they were subdued. He gained the peace he sought, but at the loss of a very large part of the population, a mere handful was left. All over the islands there were desolated villages, forsaken homes, smouldering houses. He did his work, he secured peace, but it was

the peace of a nearly exterminated race.

A few days since there came floating to us on the currents of commerce and literature pieces of the wreck of this island world.

As we gathered them up and looked at them, we saw in them the former life once so busy there, we saw in them two lines which told us how closely allied that people were with those among whom we are now living. It is well known how easy it is to link a lost species of fauna or flora back to its native place by the discovery of a single bone, it may be, or a single stem of a tree. Years since, when the first *Morning Star* was wrecked, the swiftly passing currents caught some pieces of her timbers, such as were well marked, and bore them eastwardly some 300 miles and landed them on another island. They were gathered up by some natives, shown to a captain who knew the vessel well; as he examined them he declared them to be parts of the *Morning Star*, and said she was wrecked. It was so. She was lost, she is wrecked on another island, and here were the drifted timbers, telling the sad tale. So with the drifted pieces from this lost people. They tell us not so much that the people are lost, but rather what close relationship they held with the now-living people about us. Here is a fragment. That early people had for a name as given by foreigners, Chamorros, it seems to have been a tribal appellation. But I think it meant rather the priestly class. For here in the Ponape dialect, Jamero, very closely allied in its root-parts to the Chamorros alone, means priest. We cannot doubt but that once they were closely allied. But here is another fragment. Early writers speaking of the priests of the Ladrões, mention the Rhy Mai bread fruit. But the May is only the name for this fruit all through Micronesia; the Ponape, Mai, Mortlock Mai, Russian Mwos, Ebon Me. A half-caste youth from these islands crossed my path a few days since. There was nothing in his appearance to indicate that his home was there, and his language was mixed with the Spanish, yet now and then words were dropped that were native. His Maulik for instance, meaning good, was only the Ponape Me mau, the Ebon, Emon. His Nifin, meaning teeth, has the Ponape and Mortlock roots for the same words, Ngi. But these are only a few of the fragments of the wreck upon that northern Archipelago; we wish we had more. We are sure there are more. We do not doubt, but that in some of the old convents of those islands there are stowed away treatises on the grammar of that dialect. It would be a joy to rifle these places for these treasures, it will be done in time. But till then we must be content with the little that floats to us. We mourn the loss of that people. From all we can learn we think it must have been the finest in all this island world. There are ruins there that tell us this; but the race is gone, those northern "cousins" have passed away. Only 350 years, and they are not. Is this prophetic of the races now living in Micronesia? That in the sweep of another circle of 350 years less or more, the races now living and for whom we are now toiling are to be wiped out! Not certainly if a pure and simple Christianity and civilization can save them.

E. T. DOANE.

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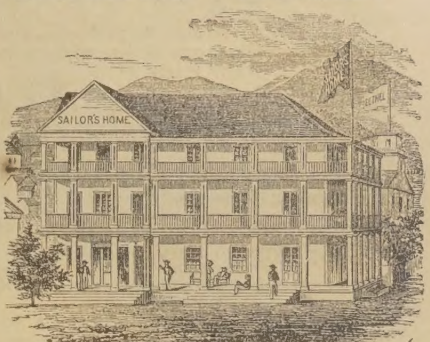
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THIS PAGE IS
Edited by a Committee of the Y. M. C. A.

The Y. M. C. A. meet the third Thursday of every month at the Lyceum, for business and discussion.

All interested in Y. M. C. A. work are cordially invited to attend.

LIST OF OFFICERS AND STANDING COMMITTEES OF THE Y. M. C. A.

President, W. R. Castle; Vice President, Dr. J. M. Whitney; Secretary, W. A. Kinney; Treasurer, C. A. Peterson. Reading Room Committee—E. Dunscombe. Editor—A. L. Smith, Editor of the 8th page of THE FRIEND for this quarter.

Chinese Mission Committee—Rev. S. C. Damon, H. Waterhouse, J. B. Atherton, Rev. C. M. Hyde.

Entertainment Committee—Wm. O. Smith, T. H. Davies. Employment Committee—S. B. Dole, E. Dunscombe, B. F. Dillingham.

Committee to Visit the Hospital and Prison—G. C. Lees, E. Dempsey, W. W. Hall, Dr. C. M. Hyde.

Committee of Early Meeting at Fort St. Church—Dr. J. M. Whitney, G. C. Lees.

ON THE EVENING of the 3d ult., the ladies of the Woman's Board gave their annual tea party to the native pastors and delegates. One hundred tickets of admission were issued, and nearly all were present. The supper which was gotten up under the immediate supervision of Mrs. W. F. Allen, was a great success. During the evening addresses were made by Ex-Gov. Wells, Hons. W. M. Gibson and L. Aholo, Rev. A. O. Forbes, Henry Waterhouse, and a few others. From the frequent applause which greeted their remarks, it was evident that their sentiments were fully enjoyed by the natives. We are glad to know that the ladies of the Board take such an interest in getting up the tea party each year. We know that it is appreciated by the recipients, for they look forward to it every year with great pleasure, as one of the bright events of their stay in Honolulu.

We learn from the *P. C. Advertiser* of the 26th ult., that the Y. M. C. A. has appointed a committee to prepare and circulate for signatures among the owners, managers, and agents of the various sugar and rice plantations, petitions to be presented to the King urging the continuance of the present policy of prohibitive legislation against liquor and opium. This is a good move on the part of the Association, and we hope it will meet with success.

WE ARE GLAD to hear that Mr. Henry Waterhouse has been appointed as one of the new members of the Hawaiian Board. *He is the right man in the right place.*

We commend the action of the Legislature in refusing to grant a *subsidy* to the proposed Chinese line of steamers.

"What is Truth."

BY LUCY S. WHITE.

"What is truth?" asks Roman Pilate, sitting in the judgment hall,
While before him stands the Christ, around whom angry murmurs fall
From the Jews, condemning him to drink of death's bitter gall.
And the patient Christ made answer, in his calm, majestic tone,
"I am truth, O Pontius Pilate! Truth is found in me alone."

And the Roman, in his heart still ringing question and reply,
Went out to the angry people, in impatience waiting nigh,
And delivered to their fury Christ, the Truth, to crucify!

"What is truth?" Still down the ages comes the question:

Every day from human hearts the cry its way is winging;
Every day are human minds new answers to it bringing.

Honest hearts, in honest doubt, the Roman governor's question ask;

Others sneer, "Ye, what is truth? We have but her fair changing mask."

Others still, with searching weary, have given up the fruitless task.

Still the answer sounds, majestic, grand, through all the rolling years—

"I am truth! What seek ye further? Why consult your books and seers?

O ye Pilates, seeking vainly, know ye not the truth is near?

Stands the patient, kingly Christ, proclaiming, "Lo, the truth is here!

I am Way and life and truth, the unknown truth ye hold so dear."

Will ye, with your hearts still ringing with the question and reply,

Go out, like the haughty Roman—give him up again to die?

On your heads, then, be the woe, if Christ the truth shall pass you by!

Northampton, Mass.

WE HAD THE PLEASURE of attending an entertainment given by a committee of the Y. M. C. A. at the Lyceum, on the evening of the 10th ult. The programme was a good one, and well carried out. The exercises consisted of music, and recitations by various members and friends of the association. The recitations by Mr. Jas. B. Castle were finely done, and elicited well merited applause. Miss Dyer of the *Casco*, favored the audience with two very pretty solos, the first one being enthusiastically encored. The recitation, "Miss Maloney on the Chinese question," by Mr. Harnden, was well rendered, and being very funny, was thoroughly enjoyed by those present. The duett, "Serenade," by the two Misses King, was very sweetly sung. The proceeds of the evening were for the benefit of the Y. M. C. A.

THE HAWAIIAN EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION commenced their labors as usual, on the first Tuesday of June at Kawaiahao. They transacted their business promptly, having been in session only one week.

AT A MEETING of the Library and Reading Room Association, held at their hall the 5th ult., the entertainment committee informed the Society that arrangements had been perfected whereby they would be able to give at least one entertainment per month at the rooms, of either lectures, readings, or addresses, with music, etc. Several gentlemen have signified their willingness to assist the Society in this matter. It is the intention and purpose of the committee to keep up the interest in our Society, and to furnish monthly entertainments at their rooms, where the public can come and enjoy a pleasant evening without charge.

The Hall and Library committee reported that since the fair, they had bought here in town one hundred dollars worth of new and valuable books, which were nearly all ready to put on the shelves. By the steamer of June 7th they had ordered one hundred dollars worth of books, and would order fifty dollars worth by each succeeding steamer, until further instructions from the Board of Control.

During the past month a Young Men's Christian Association has been started among the native members of Kaumakapili Church. A full list of officers have been chosen to serve for one year. The association will hold meetings once a month, and a prayer meeting every Sunday evening before church. The same constitution and by-laws of the English Y. M. C. A., will be adopted by the Hawaiian society. Mr. Henry Waterhouse has been the principal person in getting up and starting this new association, and we hope it will prove a success.

Rev. Dr. Hemphill, pastor of the Calvary Presbyterian Church, San Francisco, was one of the passengers by the Juno steamer. He comes to the islands as the guest of J. T. Waterhouse, Esq. On Sunday the 20th inst., he preached in the morning at the Bethel, and in the evening at the Lyceum, to the great delight of many, who heard his impressive presentation of the great truths of the Gospel.

Rev. Mr. Frear left by the *Lady Lampson*, for a visit to San Francisco. We wish him a pleasant and profitable time, and a safe return, with invigorated and renewed health.

Rev. Dr. Hyde left for a visit to Maui, by the *Likeli*, the 29th ult. We can rest assured that he will not Hyde his light under a bushel while away.

The liquor bill of the Attorney General consisting of 41 sections, at present before the Assembly, we believe to be a good one, and we hope it will pass.